A NEW ENGLAND QUEEN IN GOTHAM SOCIETY

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller; Jr., Wears an Up-to-Date Crown and Rules by Youth, Beauty and Her Right to Many Mansions and Millions.

MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Who shall say that Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is not the most fortunate young woman in the world?

- She has a contented husband.
- She likes to go to his church.
- She owns many mansions and mints of money.
- Her mother-in-law adores her.
- She makes friends, young and old—the kind that mother used to make.
- She owns the newest diamond crown in society.
- She is an idolized bride in her first season.
- She is as beautiful as amiable and as amiable as beautiful.
- She is the daughter of one multi-millionaire and the wife of another.
- None know her but to love her; none name her but to praise.

If any more gifts than this could be the lot of a young person let a fairy Princess name them and a fairy Godmother bestow them.

When young John D. Rockefeller married Miss Abbey Aldrich of Rhode Island, society held its breath and whispered "What will he do with her?" Lovely to the last degree, highly educated,. possessed of every qualification for leadership, or for home-making, was the bride. Yet society could not make up its mind whether she would be allowed to enter its gay portals; or would be sequestered like unto the other ladies of the Rockefeller families.

Rockefellers Have Been a Success as Millionaires.

As millionaires the Rockefeller gentlemen have been a success. But society has looked at them with greedy eyes.

They have, one and all, possessed the knack of making home so pleasant for their wives that these ladies have not cared to go out into the world. And whether in New York, in Cleveland, in Chicago or elsewhere, the ladies of the Rockefeller household have preferred to follow their own private aims to taking up those of society.

They have organized private orchestras and played in them themselves. They have built great charitable enterprises, have constructed private skating rinks for their friends, they have laid out beautiful country estates. They have walked, driven, yachted, danced, played and read. But seldom have they gone outside of their own families to do it. "Mr. Rockefeller and I," has been the Rockefeller motto.

And this is why Mrs. Strong, the eldest daughter of the family; Mrs. McCormick, the second daughter, and Mrs. Prentice, the third daughter, have been seen abroad so little—for the daughters have adopted the motto of the mother.

And society waited breathless to see what young Mrs. John would do.

And young Mrs. John Surprised them.

She persuaded her husband to join a dancing class.

She appeared elegantly gowned and suitably crowned at the opera.

She bought magnificent dresses and sent the hearts of the dressmakers skyward.

She consented to be a "patroness" at all the charity affairs.

She followed the fads and wore pearls.

Her gowns were cut just low enough and her American beauty roses were just the right shade.

She nodded cordially to Mrs. Astor across the opera-house, from box to box, and sank into her seat, a recognized queen, to receive the homage of Gothamites.

Those who claim that Mrs. Rockefeller is only "sweet" of face have had reason to change their minds of late, for she has gained color and is quite rosy; and the delicate look which she had from much study and the reading of many books—for she was a book-worm girl—has left her face.

Mrs. Rockefeller has as many friends in Washington as in New York, while in Cleveland and Chicago she is very well known. As a universal society queen, she, perhaps, could lead Gotham for she is known widest and exerts the broadest influence upon society life of any woman in the social world.

She Is Fond of Dogs and Owns Many.

Mrs. Rockefeller has three fads, her books, her flowers and her husband, perhaps the last should come first. She is also very fond of dogs and owns many. She is a patron of the sports, though never too active in them. She takes up the broader life of society, one that reaches beyond the drawing-room, and, though she designs her own gowns, she does not put all her brains into them.

Mrs. Rockefeller's favorite color is white. Her favorite pictures are water colors. Her diversions are those of driving behind pet ponies. She enjoys dinner giving and is an ideal hostess while her husband is an ideal host; and as a conversationlist she excels.

It is hoped that young Mrs. Rockefeller will be able to revive the salon. This never has been successfully accomplished in New York. Mrs. Paran Stevens did it in a way; and others have attempted it. But Mrs. Rockefeller has the ability to establish a salon such as has never been seen this side of the water.

She has the money for it; she has the beauty to maintain it, also the ability that draws people together. She has political friends and millionaire friends; and, more than all, she has the necessary force of character to make the American salon the power in American life which the European salon is in Europe.

SUMMER DELIGHTS OF PING PONG.

F. L. VANDEVEER AND HARRY BLODGETT,
Two well-known young attorneys, who are experts at the game of Ping-Pong.

Written for the Sunday Republic.

- I ping—We tear our clothes.
- Thou pongst—You raise the deuce.
- He pongs—They fall in a faint.
- Verb, irreg. Origin, Japan. Inf., to ping-pong.

St. Louis is ping-pong mad. Everybody plays it; and so enthusiastic are the devotees of the game that it is now assured that the game will run through the summer.

But it is a winter game, declares some one. We will make it a summer game, then, is the response.

In its indigenous clime it is a game for all the year. Summer and winter alike, it is a game, not only for men, but also for women and children.

For more than three centuries—how much more no one knows—ping-pong has been a game of great importance.

Of course, the name is inane, but there is a lot to the game besides the name; and you may call it with perfect propriety, "table tennis." That will save your feelings.

For the game is nothing more or less than a diminutive game of tennis. It is counted exactly like tennis: requires as many players; furnishes as much exercise, and offers as great an opportunity for the practice of subtle heart-charms.

Who plays ping-pong? The answer is easy: Everybody. The popularity of the game has increased so much in the last few months that it has become necessary to manufacture the racquets and balls in St. Louis; the foreign markets are unable to furnish even half of what is required. It is not only a fad, but has undoubtedly come to stay as much as tennis did years ago.

Tennis is still a popular game. We have champions; national and local. So it will be with ping-pong before another year has rolled around. Already in St. Louis we have tournaments, championships and prizes at ping-pong parties. There is great rivalry between clubs and between members of clubs. One cannot go to dine nowadays without having to take part in a game of ping-pong after the dinner. It is everywhere and all-absorbing.

Not only men of leisure and ladies of quality are indulging in it, but business men and college stoudents and women who have to busy themselves about a hundred and one things during the day. Everybody has the fever. A ping-pong parlor on Locust street is crowded every day for several hours with players and there is no sign of any loss of interest in the game.

Bankers and brokers find that the game gives them more and better exercise in a short time that they have been able to get in any other way. Among the devotees of the game are Allen West, Dwight Davis, Harold Kauffman, Hunt Turner and Jim Drummond. They frequently find time to meet during the day for a game. Usually it is for but a short time, but occasionally they become so interested that they finish the afternoon at the table.

But the season for ping-pong is after dinner. Then at private residences and at the clubs there is invariably a game in progress. Special rooms have been fitted up in houses large enough to accommodate them, and in the clubhouses where the particularly ardent worshippers at the shrine of the celluloid ball and the racquet may commune with their own kind.

Stuart Stickney, he of golf fame, is a "fiend" at ping-pong. He says himself that he has to struggle to keep away from a table during the day in order that he may devote himself to business. But at night and on Saturdays he gives way to the desire and instead of playing golf he stands at a ping-pong table until he is about ready to drop.

The exercise in the game will be acknowledged when it is known that a tennis and a golf champion have almost forsaken their favorite game for the enticing ping-pong. Dwight Davis does not play tennis as much as he used to; and Stuart Stickney is rarely seen with his clubs. Yet, both excelled in their special branches of athletics.

But ping-pong is a winter game, said one who was only half converted. Needless to say he could play only fairly. A host rose to contradict him. Already many lawns are being prepared for a table during the summer. All that is necesarry is an even place for the table and light enough so that the balls may be seen in the evening. In Japan and in England the game is played the year 'round. Why not in St. Louis?

Evening ping-pong parties during the summer are already assured. It is not distinctly a rich man's or woman's game, as has often been supposed, but almost every one may have a set. The sets are cheap even as compared with tennis sets. Wherever there is room for a dining table there is room for ping-pong, and the fascination that the game now holds, especially among the smart set, cannot be downed by warm weather.

Among the particularly good ping-pong rooms in St. Louis, aside from the clubs, are those at the Drummond's, Miss Wickham's and at the McKittrick's. Every evening ping-pong holds sway. It is proper nowadays for young ladies to take some form of physical exercise, and ping-pong combines all the pleasure that they may find in any exercise and affords all the sport of play.

Ralph and Walter McKittrick, Arthur Shepley and Dan Kirby are among the best and most enthusiastic players in the city. The Country Club and the Florissant Club are utterly crazed over the game. At present it holds the trumps over all other games, and from indications it will be the popular game of the summer at both clubs. Of course, this does not mean that tennis and golf and polo will not have their devotees, but ping-pong will be the most frequently played game of the season.

The women of the city are as enthusiastic as the men—possibly more so, and they have their claims upon the attention of the men and their sports. Ping-pong looks and sounds like a game that does not require as much endurance and strength as other sports and that is said to be the reason that the women have taken it up. As a matter of fact, it is as violent as almost any game that is popular with many people, but it seems so playful that the weaker sex have seized upon it.

It is a fact that one business man of this city—a man of more than usual corpulence—has reduced his weight by forty pounds playing ping-pong. And if the truth were known, it is probably true that several women have been enabled to become more sylph-like through the medium of the game. But that is a matter concerning which women will not talk.

Women who are openly ardent players of ping-pong are not the ones of whom any one can say they play to reduce their weight. They are modern women in every way, and have taken up the game not only because it is the fad, but also because it is a game that enables them to keep in good physical condition. It is proper no longer for women to be weak and requiring the attention of maids and men; but they must be able to cope with the strongest. Accordingly, they take as much exercise, comparatively, as men. And ping-pong offers them something in the way of a game that has not been offered by anything else.

Among the more prominent women players of ping-pong are Mrs. James Drummond, Mrs. William Gregg, Mrs. Laurence J. Moran, Miss Wickham, Miss Mitchell, Mrs. E. O. Stanard, Mrs. W. H. Walker and Mrs. Goodman King. Each of these has an elaborate ping-pong room fitted up at her house, and parties are frequent. It is not at all unusual for them to meet in the morning and play arduously before luncheon. It serves as an excellent appetizer.

The game was brought to St. Louis by two people at about the same time. Mrs. E. H. Semple of Westminster place became enamored of the game while abroad last summer, and when she returned she set up a table at once. Mrs. Sidney Walker appeared on the scene at about the same time, an enthusiastic player of the game. That was its start in this city. It did not take long to bring the sport to its present position, but these two St. Louisans have been instrumental in making it a fad.

One of the best players among the women is Mrs. Lewis Haywood. She has for several months been a devotee, and has acquired remarkable skill in handling the racquet. Mrs. John Fowler is another excellent player, and Mrs. Dan Taylor, Mrs. Campbell Smith and Mrs. Frank Hammer are also in the first class.

KICKED BY A MULE— TUMBLED INTO A MINE.

WM. G. LLOYD.

Special Correspondence of The Republic.

New York, May 16.—There seems to be almost no limit to the number of breaks and bruises a man may suffer and still live to tell the tale. As long as no vital organ is actually destroyed, there seems to be almost no end to the injuries a man may receive without their proving mortal.

Two workmen in New Jersey have recently been all but broken to pieces, but still live. One of them, a miner, fell down a 200-foot shaft near Morristown, sustaining injuries which will keep the doctors busy for several months. The other received an energetic kicking from a mule, and will go about for the rest of his life with a considerable part of his anatomy composed of silver plates, rubber and false skin.

It is difficult to say which of the cases is the more remarkable. William G. Lloyd of Trenton, N. J., was discharged from the hospital only a few days ago, after three months of treatment. His injuries were inflicted by a mule in the fraction of a second. The animal kicked off large sections of his skin, fractured his skull, removed his eyebrows and practically all of his teeth, besides giving him a general shaking up. To-day, however, he is practically as good as new, and expects soon to return to his work. Meanwhile, his head will remain, as long as he lives, a veritable museum of artificial appliances.

Lloyd was employed in the stables of the Roebling Company, and was known to be a daring and expert horseman. The company owned a very unruly mule, which had long resisted all the attempts made to tame him, and the perilous work was finally intrusted to Lloyd. Unfortunately, the attempt was made without any witnesses present. There is, therefore, no authentic record of what happened.

The unfortunate mule tamer was deprived of all consciousness very early in the engagement. He remembers being kicked twice. Judging from his appearance after the engagement, it appeared that the mule had spent the greater part of the day kicking him.

The blows were delivered fairly in the face. The force of their delivery may be imagined from the fact that several of the heaviest bones of the skull were actually splintered by the impact. Lloyd is possessed of immense energy, or he could not have lived an hour. As a matter of fact, the real extent of the injuries was not discovered for some time.

Lloyd was first treated in Trenton, but when the extent of his injuries became known it was found necessary to take him to specialists in Philadelphia. The work of rebuilding his skull and remaking his face was gone about systematically. The fractured part of his skull was removed and replaced by a silver plate. This was not merely a matter of silverplating an injured part. The bone was actually cut away and the silver plate neatly fitted in its place. The skin was then carefully drawn over the plate and sewed. In time it is believed even the scar will disappear. He will carry the silver plate to his grave.

The roof of his mouth was also broken past repair and a similar course had to be employed in rebuilding it. An artificial covering of rubber, was made to fit in the injured portion. Despite his artificial mouth he is able to speak and eat with perfect comfort. The artificial roof of his mouth is adjustable and can be removed at will. The lost teeth were replaced by a full new double set. Meanwhile a number of small fractures of bones of the head were set and held in position until they had knitted in the ordinary manner.

The most remarkable part of the operation of repairing the damages inflicted by the mule was the operation of skin grafting. Friends volunteered to supply him with a small part of their own cuticle to replace that which had been removed by the mule. The operation is rather delicate and is painful for both parties.

The contributors presented themselves at the hospital, to be prepared for the operation. The skin was taken from the upper part of the forearm. The skin was first carefully shaved and next washed very thoroughly with a strong antiseptic. Every precaution was of course taken to prevent any contagion. All the instruments used were sterilized.

The other case was that of a miner named Peter Henshaw of Hibernia, N. J. Henshaw's injuries were not so many or picturesque as Lloyd's, though the accident itself was even more remarkable. Henshaw was working the other day near the top of a 60-foot telegraph pole when he lost his hold, and plunged downward. He was nearly 50 feet from the ground when he lost hold, and the fall, to those who chanced to see him, appeared to mean certain death.

As he dropped, however, he reached out wildly, and by a lucky chance his arm struck a set of telegraph wires beneath him, and to one side. These served to partly check his fall, but at the same time swung his body outward. He fell from the pole with an awful force.

All this was bad enough, but worse awaited him. The wires, by swinging him to one side, dropped him at the foot of a mining shaft. The mountains thereabouts are honey-combed with these shafts, which pierce the earth at a variety of angles. The shaft near which Henshaw fell runs into a mountain at a steep angle. Had it been a perpendicular shaft he would have fallen to certain death.

As it was, he was so badly stunned at the instant he struck the ground that he could not save himself, and slipped into the hole. His body continued to slip, slide and fall by turns until it reached the bottom of the shaft, 200 feet below. By a miracle of good luck, Henshaw only broke one leg and two ribs in the descent.